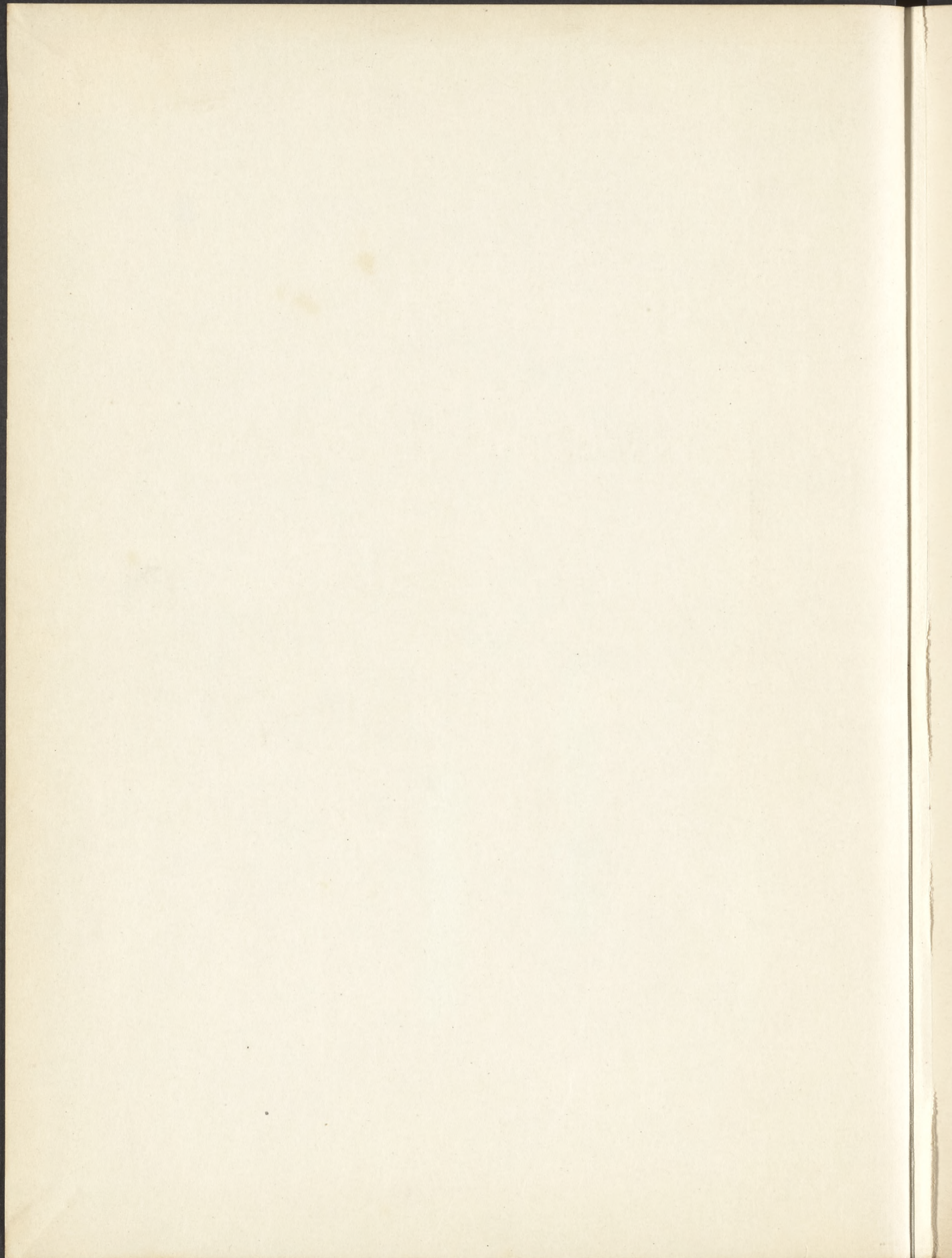


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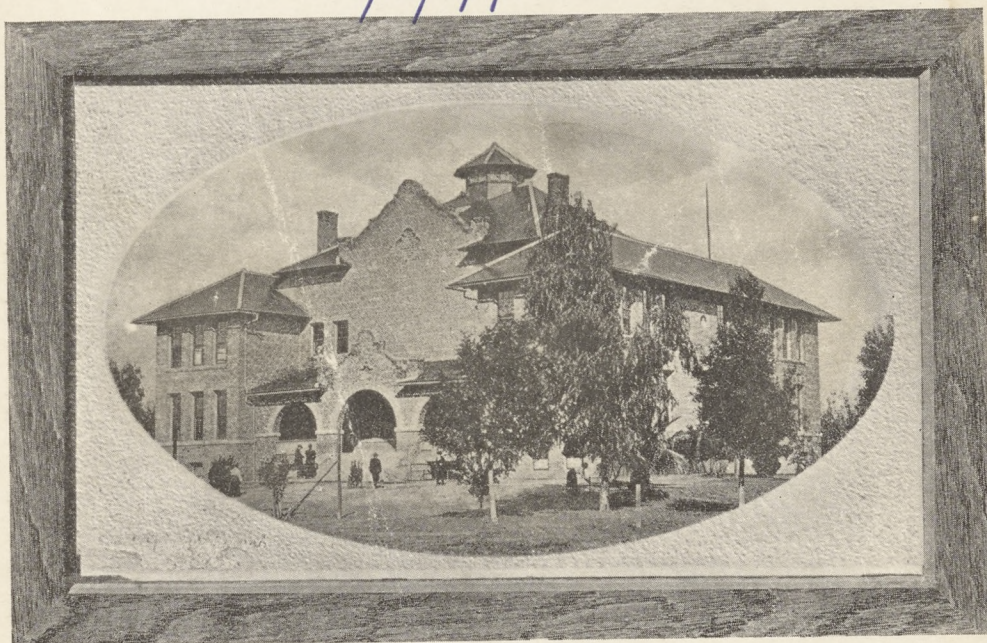
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The Purple and
White

1911



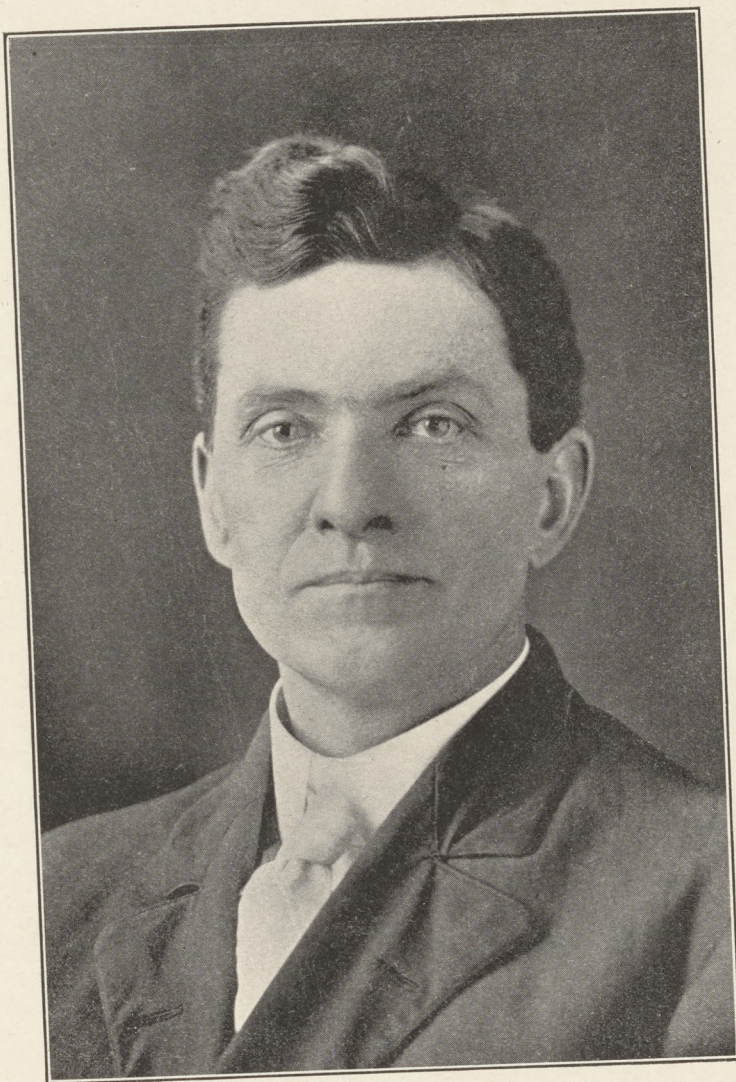
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MADERA COUNTY FREE LIBRARY ✓
MADERA, CALIF.

DEDICATION

To Our Principal, Who Has Been Ever
Willing To Help Us, Do We Dedicate
This Issue Of The Purple And White.



C. J. BURRELL

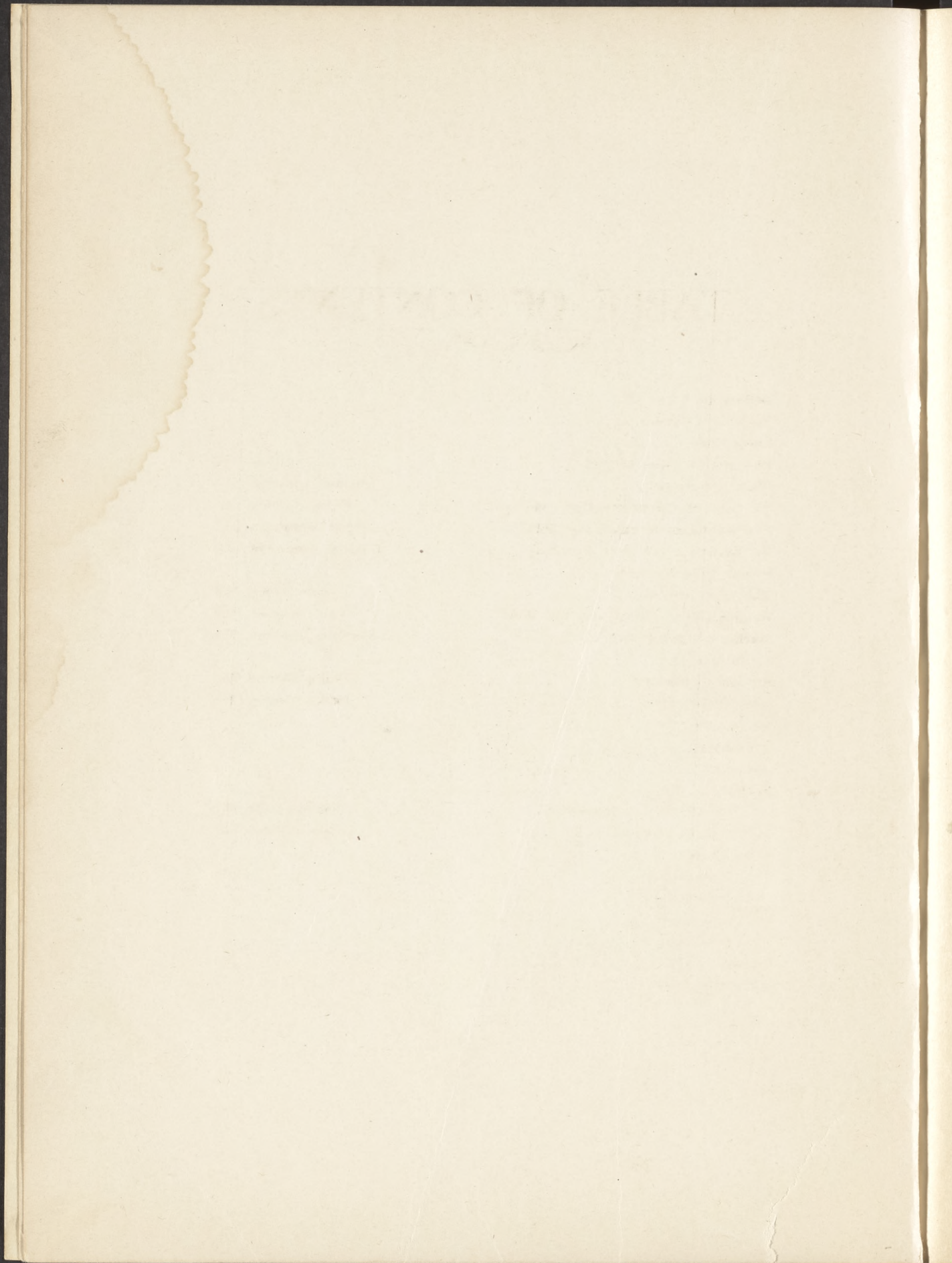
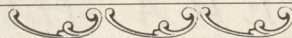


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MADERA HIGH
1911

CLASS MOTTO:

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

CLASS FLOWER:

Red Rose.

CLASS COLORS:

Green and White.

CLASS OFFICERS:

Lewis Wright, President
Columbus Appling, Vice President
Faustina Wren, Secretary and Treasurer
Florence Latham, Editor



LEWIS WRIGHT

With lokkes curlle, as they were leyd
in presse;
Of twenty year of age he was, I
guesse.



FLORENCE LATHAM

O, maid so fair,
With golden hair,
And eyes so blue,
And heart so true.



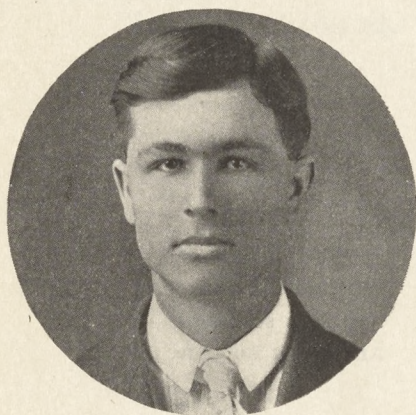
JOHN GORDON

There ne'er was coward
Of Graham's blood, nor yet of Gor-
don's line.



ERNA WEHRMANN

Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



COLUMBUS APPLING

And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all
he knew.



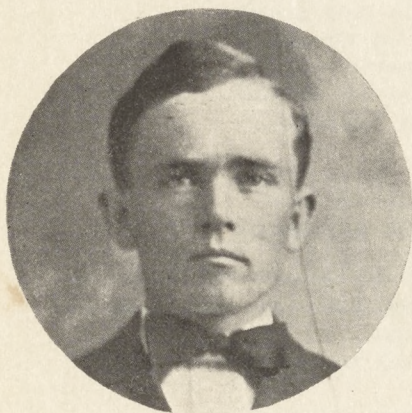
BERNICE WOODSON

At last divine Cecelia came,
Inventress of the vocal fame.



ONA HONEYCUTT

A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just.



CHAS. HIGH

Strongly built and athletic,
With muscles and sinews of iron.



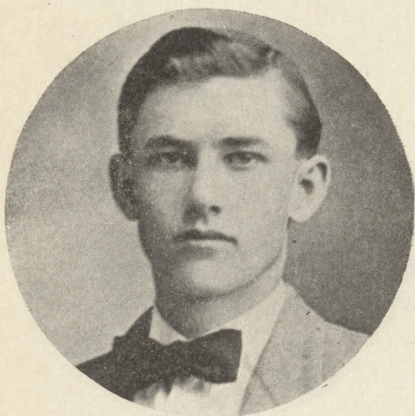
FAUSTINA WREN

Com, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure.



LELIA SCHMIDT

Her little, nameless, unremem-
bered acts
Of kindness and of love.



MILNOR BLOWERS

Of sturdy frame and stature fair,
And firmly knit, with sturdy air.

Class Prophecy

'11

H. MILNOR BLOWERS

Over the hills and thru valleys green,
Swaying the trees with a force serene,
Carrying clouds on its bosom fair,
Smoothing the grasses with touches rare,
Leaving each flower a kiss divine,
Softly treads Zephyr, creature benign.

Hidden in every corner and nook,
Safe in deep umbrage, and almost forsook
By the playful rays from the sun above,
The violet sweet smiles as a token of love.
Hillside and valley, woodland and plain,
All beautified are in color's refrain.

Like a rare enchanting maiden
With delicious fragrance laden,
And with flowers upon her bosom,
Spring has come!
Woods and meadows loud are ringing
With the chirping and the singing
Of the happy, feathered nations,
Spring has come!

'Neath the rustling leaves of an aged oak
In a woodland vale, a poet awoke
To list to the oak's prophetic leaves
And write what they tell of future weaves.
'Tis the time when the violets start to
grow,
And the red root to tread on the heels
of the snow
That the oak leaves utter prophetic strains
To be versified in poetic refrains.

Sweetest perfumes breezes waft,
April showers are eagerly quaffed
By gay flowers in bright colors rare;
Spring has come!
And so, Oak Leaves, whose visions see
The future years as they shall be,
Softly rustle a prophecy
In whispers low.

Now list to the words of the poet true,
For the oak leaves are telling him stories
of you:—

See! from the horizon looms up into sight
A machine whose deviser and maker is
Wright;

A machine which had never been equaled
in speed,

A machine ne'er surpassed in strength nor
in deed;

An aeroplane he had been able to make,
To quietly travel to lands unawake,
And calmly encircle misty veiled towers
Of the future land hidden behind flowery
bowers.

We sail calmly enough, with never a fault
Of the engine nor rudder nor even a bolt.
A moment we pause for just one short
look

At the prettiest, coziest, loveliest nook
Where a little brown cottage stands, built
for just two,

Lelia now has a helpmate, don't you wish
it were you?

But we find it necessary
That our journey, fresh and airy,
Must by no means be stopped short
here,

But resumed.

So we sail to yonder city,
Leave the flowers and meadows pretty,
Find instead the noisy crowd

As we presumed.

They are going one and all,
To see the home team play baseball;
Charley High, big baseball magnate,
Leads the crowd.

From his auto, fiercely red,
He gives orders but once said,
And the crowd, exultant, cheer him
Strong and loud.

By his side sits his chum, Johnney,
He who always looks so bonny
To the girls;

Flying low we heard him tell
How he'd got enamored quite
Of a fair one 'neath the bright
Moonlight beam;

How he'd squandered all his money
Trying to supply his honey
With ice cream.

But think not that Johnney is of that class
Which shirks all work and is nothing but
trash;
But rather ambitious, for the President's
chair
Of the National Bank he has held with
care
For the past eight years, and never a fail-
ing
Has come to the bank since he "stood at
the railing."

Onward and upward and higher we fly,
'Till it seemed to me the very sky
Would soon be in reach, but this flight
was tame
To oratorical heights of one, a school-dame;
In her busy school room is never the
noise
Of Sophomore's pencil or Freshman's toys,
Or shuffling feet or whispers low;
Miss Ona commands and to him woe
Who does not obey her orders stern,
Or refuse a hard Algebra lesson to learn.

Over the bounding, bounding seas,
Beyond where blows the salty breeze,
Over the mountains, beyond the plains,
Faustina, true to her God, remains,
Healing the suffering, helping the poor,
Bringing to all the needy a cure
For the chained and fettered, sin-sick
soul;
A missionary of God's own roll.

In San Francisco, in a mansion
Large and handsome, right in fashion,
Decorated all to suit her
Lives "Miss Wehrmann."
Ah! she is in society,
Follows gay frivolity,
Lives the larger, grander life
Of the city.
Automobiles handy are,
She can travel near and far,
Pleasures are not rare to her,
Not at all.

We found him not in the city's strife,
But living the simple pastoral life;
God's sacred word truly expounding;
Discovering truths great and astounding;

Leading his flock as a good shepherd
 would,
 Preparing here for a future abode;
 Showing his sheep the way of life
 Keeping his church with godliness rife.
 'Tis Columbus, smart and clever,
 And he's just the same as ever.—
 Hear him as in old times speaking
 Forcibly.
 "And the winds blow soft as Jehu,
 And the mud is Knee-deep, ye who
 Possess rubbers wear them always
 In the Spring."

Doing the work of a loving maid,
 Living a life by others obeyed,
 Helping the feeble, curing the sick,
 Sweet Florence ministers, tenderly quick.
 Toiling as a patient nurse,
 Life and health to reimburse,
 Tends she every helpless one.
 Lovingly.
 But she'd been disappointed in love,
 And her affection, like a dove,
 Had left her to be all alone
 With her sighs.
 Yet disappointments are new
 And even tho it was the hue
 Of her eyes that caused the trouble
 Still she lives.

Leave now the city with worldly cares,
 Leave now its hustling, bustling airs
 And return to the pretty woodland dale,
 To the woodpecker's chirp and the night-
 ingale's wail;
 Return to the home of the purest, the no-
 blest,
 Home of the loveliest, sweetest and best,
 Return to the place where nature abides
 Enchanted, and there in sweet solitude
 hides.
 Oh, listen! soft strains of music sweet,
 Harmonies floating with melodies beat,
 Are caught on the air as they join the
 notes
 Of the birds, and in one sound it heaven-
 ward floats;
 Bernice the sweet singer, a nymph chords
 her lay
 That enchants Mother Nature and bright-
 ens her way.

But future visions we've now made
trite,
And exhausted the Oak Leaves'
prophecies quite,
So we'll bury these themes with no
other knell
Than the ting-a-ling-ling of the chest-
nut bell.



A Case of Circumstantial Evidence

PHILIP CONLEY

It was the night before Christmas.

Eight or ten of us boys were gathered around the stove at the "Red Dot" saloon. We were talking about the quarrel between "Poker" Dick Lathrop and Bill Smith. It had happened that afternoon in front of the saloon. Smith owed the gambler a couple of hundred that he'd beat him out of at a poker game a month before. Lathrop struck Smith for the money two or three times, but Bill's youngest kid had been sick and it took all his Pa's money to send eighty miles for a doctor and medicine.

Smith and his daughter Mary—she's my wife, you know, now—came in the day before Christmas to get a few things. Mary was in Jeremiah Balkin's "General Merchandise Store" when her Pa went out to find Lathrop. Bill had found a pretty rich pocket the day before and he had a hundred and fifty dollars worth of dust to pay off his debt.

Lathrop was coming out of the "Red Dot." He'd been celebrating and had drunk just enough to make him ugly.

Smith approached him and said, "Here's a hundred and fifty of that two hundred. I'll pay you the rest next month."

"Why don' you pay me the two hun'ed, you dirty dog. You're a liar, you four-flushin' son o' Satan. I wan' my money. You're a horsethief—you won' pay nex' month."

I don't blame Bill for hitting him in the eye, but it was kind of risky, when Dick was such a handy man with the gun. Two or three of the boys got hold of Lathrop before he could draw, and I jerked out Smith's revolver before he could lay hands on it. Lathrop was rushed away cussing Smith for all he was worth. Smith tried to get at him but I got in the way.

"I'll shoot him on sight," Smith holered. "No man on earth can call me a liar."

"Shut up, you fool," I said. "Can't you see he's not responsible?"

I made Smith go with me over to where Mary was waiting for him, giving him his gun on the way over. I noticed that the pistol had an extra long handle. On one end his initials, W. S., were engraved on the metal. Mary hadn't heard anything about the fight.

"Well, I've bought a present for everybody—one for you too. I know you'll like it, Dad," she said.

"Here, Mr. Ryan, I got you something."

She handed me a little gold nugget pin.

"It's the one I found down in the old creek when we first came here."

I thanked her for it and told her it was the first Christmas present I'd gotten since I came West, and that I'd keep it as long as I lived, which made Mary blush.

"Let's hurry," she said to her Pa quickly. "It's gettin' near supper time."

Bill had cooled down wonderfully since we joined Mary. As he got into the saddle I whispered, "Don't do anything you'll be sorry for, Bill. You've got a mighty fine family."

Smith grumbled something under his breath, and they rode off, Mary waving a goodbye to me.

The boys at the "Red Dot" all seemed to think that there'd be more trouble. Fights where we were usually ended up with a new job for the undertaker.

It was just seven o'clock and dark as pitch. The wind was moaning around the tops of the buildings. "Dutch" Leonard came in and was welcomed by the boys at the stove.

"Seen Bill Smith in town about a quarter of an hour ago," "Dutch" said as he warmed his hands at the stove. "Wonder if he's come back to shoot—"

Bang! Bang!

Two shots in front of the saloon. We all jumped up and ran for the door. The light from the open door fell upon the ground. There Lathrop lay in a pool of blood!

Somebody brought out a lantern and we went over to where Lathrop lay. He had been shot twice—in the side and in the head. He held his pistol in his hand.

"Smith got him before he could shoot,"

"Dutch" said. "Lathrop got his gun out though."

"Smith done it, all right," said Pat O'Rourke, owner of the "Red Dot." "I'll get a rope! Get your horses, boys!"

"Wait a minute," I said. "You boys elected me head of the Vigilance Committee, and you all know I want to stop shooting around here as much as any of you. But there's nothing to show that Smith really did it. It's all guess work. There's no real evidence."

"Here's yer ividence!" shouted Pat.

He'd been going over the ground nearby with the lantern. He picked up a pistol with an extra long handle. On one end the initials W. S. were engraved. It was Bill Smith's pistol. Two shots had been used.

"That sure is good evidence," I said. "Boys, get your horses, and bring the rope, Pat. You stay here, Dan, and watch the body."

We were soon on our horses riding toward Bill Smith's cabin up the valley. Nobody said anything. We all liked Bill and—he had such a big family—wife and four kids—and his Mary was a fine girl. I felt worse than anybody. When I put my hand in my pocket, I felt that little nugget pin and it made me feel terrible. But then, the evidence was certain. The fight and Smith's "I'll shoot him on sight!" was about enough to convict him. And there was his coming back to town and his pistol found near the body. We'd have to string him up.

The wind was blowing and moaning and sighing. I thought of poor Bill, swingin' in the wind. What a Christmas Mary and the others would have!

At last we got to the cabin.

I told O'Rourke and Leonard to come with me, and leaving the other boys we went up and knocked at the door. Mary answered the knock. She was surprised when she saw us, but said, "Come right in, gentlemen. We're having a little celebration just like we used to in the States."

"We just came to see you're Pa, Miss Mary," I said.

"He's inside. Come in."

We didn't want to go in. I couldn't even look Mary in the face. We were going to rob her of her Pa. When we did go in we found the whole family around the fire place. A little Christmas tree stood in the corner with a few pieces of candle tied on it. Bill was facing the fire with his back to us. He had the youngest kid on his knee and was telling him a story about Santa Claus.

O'Rourke whispered, "Let's get out of here. This is no place for us."

When Bill saw us he stood up and offered us his hand. None of us shook with him. I noticed that Mary and his wife turned pale.

"We'd like to see you outside," I said.

All right, boys," He put on his hat and went out with us to where the others were.

He looked surprised he saw so many.

"William Smith, as head of the Vigilantes, it is my duty to see that all murderers are properly taken care of. We found Dick Lathrop dead in front of the 'Red Dot,' You were in town a little while before. You murdered Lathrop. Have you anything to say for yourself before we carry out the law?"

Smith turned pale as death. "There's some mistake. Is Lathrop dead? I swear to heaven I never shot him."

"What can you say to this?" I held up the revolver with W. S. engraved on the handle.

Smith burst out into a laugh. "Where did you find it boys? That's what I went back to town for. See the new gun Mary gave me!" He slapped his holster. In it was a brand new pistol.

Smith went on to explain. "Mary was in town with me today you know. She got presents for everybody. She got her Pa this pistol, and gave it to me just before we left town. I put it in my holster right away and put my old gun in my pocket. I didn't notice that the pocket had a hole in it 'till we got up near the Jones' place. Mary had asked me to give the old gun to little Bill for a present, so I rode back toward town looking for it, leaving Mary to visit Mrs. Jones. I got back to town about a quarter to seven but

it was too dark to see then so I rode right back to where Mary was. You say the gun was near Lathrop's body? It must have dropped out of my pocket just where Lathrop was shot. Mary shot twice at a squirrel when we were going over to town. That's why two shots are gone. Ask the girl if I'm not telling the truth. She doesn't even know I had any trouble with Lathrop."

"I believe you, Billy," said big hearted Pat O'Rourke. "Shake me hand."

Leonard and I went to the house. The family were all frightened.

"Mary," I said, "tell us everything that you did since you left the house this afternoon." Mary's story agreed exactly with her father's.

"Did you notice the time when your father got back to the Jones' place?"

"Yes," she said. "It was exactly seven o'clock by my watch."

My watch was running even with hers. "And it was just seven when you came into the 'Red Dot'," I said to Leonard. "Bill's innocent."

Mary begged me to tell what was the matter. I started to tell her quickly but was interrupted by a loud shouting outside.

The door was thrown open and Bill Smith was brought in. All the boys were cheering and everyone tried to shake hands with Bill. "Smith's innocent," I shouted.

"He sure is," cried O'Rourke, red in the face with yelling. "Dan Ross just got here. He found a note on the body. Lathrop committed suicide."

When it was possible to quiet the boys, Dan told his story. After we'd left town, Dan searched the body and found two letters in Lathrop's coat pocket. One was addressed to a Mrs. Matilda James, Louisville, Kentucky, and the other was a note to the boys saying that he was tired of life and asking them to mail the other to his wife in Kentucky. The two shots were fired from his own revolver. The idea hadn't come to us that Lathrop had killed himself. When we found Smith's pistol near the body we'd all jumped to the conclusion that Smith was the murder-

er. I'll never trust circumstantial evidence again.

* * *

We had a big celebration at Bill's that night. We told the women folks the whole of the story and they were mighty glad things turned out as they did.

Pat O'Rourke tied a piece of wool on his chin and was Santa Claus. We all searched our pockets to find things for the kids. That was certainly a happy Christmas eve for all of us and especially for Mary and me.

Ye Ballad of Trueman and Bill.

Part I.

When war was declared by the land of Japan

And the land of the brave and the free,
I was asked who should command upon
the land

And who upon the se.

Then up spoke Uncle Sam off Washing-
tonne,

"I think it would be myghtie fine
To get me a guid sailor
To sail this schip off mine."

Back came the answer loude and cleare,
From congressmen fyftie and thre,
"Oh William C. Ring is the best sailor
That sails upon the se.

But when William had come and accepted
the job,

"I must have a commander," quoth he,
"The troops to command upon the land,
While I am upon the se."

Then replied Uncle Sam, "In all the land
There is nae man half sae guid
Your troops to command upon the land
As General Trueman A. Wood."

And so General Wood came as quick as he
could,

With their warships of ten thousand tons
They sailed away out of Long Island bay
With a farewell boom of the guns.

(Here ends ye first part of ye ballad).

Part II.

Now there was in the land of far Japan
 An ancient prophecy,
 That Tokyo should ne'er yield to a foe
 Until this strange thing should be,
 Till the wildwood itself should leave the
 land
 And move across the sea.

And now up spak ye high prieste, Hi
 Yangtze Kiang
 "O trouble is coming, I know,
 I am sure this means for our native land
 Unutterable woe.

For in the year nineteen hundred and ten
 Like Josephus of long ago,
 I saw a comet, shaped like a jack knife
 Hanging over Tokyo.

So now unto me is perfectly plain
 The meaning of this prophecy,
 For Trueman Wood is the wildest Wood
 That ever mine eye did see.

(Here ends ye part second.)

Part III.

And so Admiral Ring and General Wood
 Sailed in haste to the land of Japan,
 Like a football team in a forward pass
 Through the enemy's warships they ran.

And they crashed right into the enemy's
 ships
 And they scattered them left and right
 Until every Japanese ship was sunk
 But they had a most terrible fight.

And then they sailed down upon Tokyo
 And inspired the Japs with dread,
 For it sent the cold chills up and down
 their backs
 'To see our flag overhead.

Now Bill Ring and his men have to Tokyo
 gone,

With a touchdown a down and a down,
 For they went through the Japs in a
 flying wedge

And straightway did capture the town.
 And they moored their ships upon the sand

And did fight right furiouslie
 Till they drove all the Japanese off the
 land
 Into the Yellow Sea.

(Here ends ye ballad.)

An Experience With A Burglar.

LINTON MONTANYA

Fritz Hanson's father owned a store in a little town on the T. P. & W. The Hanson family lived in the rooms over the store. Although the town was not large the store brought much trade, for the country around was a prosperous farming and dairying district.

On this particular evening Fritz was at home alone, for his father had gone to Chicago on a business trip and his mother had gone too, for she needed the outing as a change from the dull routine of store work. All of the other Hanson children had gone to various friends who lived in the village, to stay during their parents' absence.

Fritz had locked up the store and had gone up stairs for the night. It was with many misgivings that he prepared to spend the night alone. As he was fumbling for matches to light the lamp he heard voices in the alley behind the store. When he went to the back window and listened, he found that the sound came from two disreputable looking men who were planning to put into immediate execution a carefully planned burglary of the store that very night.

"The coast is clear," said one. "There isn't one of those Hanson brats that's got spunk enough to stay alone over night."

This made Fritz furious and he thought fast. There came to his mind a plan which he had often thought of for stopping burglars.

At the foot of the stairs was a door, like a cellar door, opening from the floor, and underneath this was a deep brick vault, used for coal by some former occupant of the building. Mr. Hanson had often ex-

Recd. 1

pressed his opinion as to the mental deficiency of the one who made this arrangement and prudently made it more safe by storing in it several bales of cotton and a spring mattress, so if it was ever left open and anyone descending the stairs fell into it, the consequence would not be so serious.

Fritz had often thought how fine it would be to wait until a burglar had gotten half way up the stairs, raise the door by a rope from above and frighten the burglars by a great noise so he would fall into it on his retreat. All this came to him now and, in spite of his shaking knees, he found a rope, climbed down stairs and fastened it to the huge staple in the door, and climbing up, returned to the place directly above the lower landing and tied the other end to the bannister, having put a stick under the door to prevent the automatic latch from catching.

But how was he to scare them back?

He solved the difficulty by tying a long piece of binding twine to one of the lower of a pile of tubs, boilers, pans and other articles of tinware, which had been piled dangerously high at the head of the stairs. With the two ropes in his hand he took his stand directly above the foot of the stairs. In a few minutes he saw two shadowy figures steal slowly up the stairs.

With his heart beating fast and his knees quaking faster, he gave a pull on the rope from the door that brought it wide open and gave a mighty tug on the cord connected with the pile of tinware. The two burglars fled in haste from the thundering avalanche of tinware launched on them. One followed the other into the vault and Fritz dropped the rope, the door closing with a bang.

Fritz ran triumphantly down the stairs and hurriedly ran an old and unused safe onto the door of the vault.

Then in a high Swedish treble he piped down a knot hole, "You had better not break through mit der door or the safe will fall and you will get smashed. Maybe so it will break through anyway and you will get smashed into jelly. But I hope it don't," he added reflectively, "for hinges

and doors costs money. I go now for der policeman."

He at once proceeded to run for "der policeman," who was, however, only a town marshal.

The door did not "smash through" and fifteen minutes later two very much disgusted burglars were lifted out of the vault.

Fritz is now a young man and has complete charge of the store for his father has always considered it safe to trust the boy who defended the store so well from burglars.

The Manager.

I.

Who is it that the captain asks,
When will we have a game?
Who knows there is not one in sight,
But's hopeful just the same?
Who must write the many letters
To every town we know,
Fill 'em with big sounding things,
Which he knows isn't so?
The Manager.

II.

Who is the one to whom,
They so secretly confess,
"O, please put off the game a week,
Then I'll have my fine new dress?"
Or who is carefully drawn aside,
To hear this other plea,
I want to hunt tomorrow,
Postpone the game for me?
The Manager.

III.

Who must face the majestic faculty,
Each time their honors meet,
And beg his team's good recognition,
So humbly at their feet?
Who is held to answer
For all that's said and done;
When the team's away from home,
Who is the responsible one?
The Manager.

IV.

Who must face the Executive Committee,
And ask for coin, so meek,
When the treasury's low and empty,
And steadily growing weak?
Who is it gets no honors,
Nor thanks for what he's tried or done,
To whom a scheduled game
Is more worry than it is fun?
The Manager.

V.

Who set those ill-fated dates,
That brought such Saturday storms,
That made apparent each player's temper,
In various different forms,
But who knows 'way down in his heart,
His power to allay all their cries,
Just get a game away from home,
And up to him they'll all turn their
eyes,
The Manager.

The Lost Door Key

ANNE NOBLE

It was a dark night with the stars shining and reflecting on the snow.

Marjory was a tall, dark girl with merry, brown eyes and rosy cheeks. Her mother was dead, and also her father, consequently she was left alone with the exception of a maiden aunt—and a very maidenly aunt at that.

This night she had gone to a party at a girl friend's a few miles from her own home. Her aunt had told her to return early, about half past twelve, and she would find the key under the door mat; at the same time she had told Marjory to make the least noise possible for she (aunt) was easily awakened.

At the party everything was at its best, and refreshments were being served when Marjory glanced at the clock and saw that it was actually twenty-five minutes to one.

She told her escort, Jack, and some of the girls about it, but they said that for the

sake of manners, she should wait and take leave of the hostess properly.

She knew that it was wrong for her to remain longer, and that she really ought to go home, yet she finally decided to stay.

At just half-past one, fully an hour after the time she promised to return, she got into Jack's sleigh and was carried swiftly off.

When they arrived at her home Jack helped her out and she bade him good-night. As he started to go she called after him, saying, "Oh Jack! the key is not here, what shall I do?"

After tying the horse, he came to help her. They turned the mat, lit matches and looked in cracks, and under doors and windows, but still no key.

Jack advised her to ring the bell, but she answered that every night, her aunt ordered the maid to disconnect the bell rope because it bothered auntie.

So there they stood, both pictures of despair. After many moments they decided that Jack should help her in the window after breaking it. Then she could steal quietly up stairs and to bed.

Marjory crept softly and slowly down the hall as far as the stair-way. Then to her astonishment and dismay, she saw a faint light shining through the keyhole of the kitchen door. She thought of burglars at once for there had been several burglaries in town recently. She stood terrified for an instant, then flew back to the window to call Jack, who was just about to untie his horse. He hurried to the window and she whispered to him, "Oh Jack, there are burglars in the kitchen. What on earth shall I do? We must be very careful not to awaken auntie."

"Never mind Marjory," exclaimed Jack, "We'll fix it all right. First I'll peek in and see what they look like. Then won't we fix them though, for being so rude as to scare a lady."

"All well enough, Mr. Jack, for you to pretend to be so brave," said Marjory, "but you can't fool me. You are just as scared as I am."

After this remark nothing would have induced Jack to back out, though he really was rather frightened. But when he peeked through the keyhole he could hardly keep from laughing aloud. What do you suppose he saw?

Bridget, the cook, was holding hands with a great, fat Irish policeman. The table was set for two. The best chicken and dressing, salads and cakes were on the table, and there on the corner of the table was the poor lost key, which Bridget had forgotten to put out for Marjory.

Softly calling to Marjory Jack told her what he had seen. Then they both decided to give the lovers a scare. Going to the hall closet Marjory got two sheets and after making themselves look as ghostly as possible, they started on their early morning parade.

Bridget screamed and Mike turned pale, but neither uttered a word of command to try to drive these undesired visitors away. Finally Bridget poked Mike and motioned to his club, and the great policeman, understanding her meaning, started forward with club in hand. But a ghastly hand reached out toward him. This was too much for both Mike and Bridget. Mike fled out of the house, and Bridget tore up the back stairs to her own room.

After scaring them both off Jack and Marjory went back to the table with happy faces. Laughingly they finished the supper and Jack took his leave, hoping that Bridget would recover from her fright enough to be able to get breakfast.

Marjory was still giggling as she went up stairs, but when she reached the first landing, her giggles stopped abruptly, for there stood her aunt, a stern figure, pointing to the hall clock which said three o'clock.

"Marjory," said her aunt, angrily, "if you ever go to a party again, I want you to understand that you are to come home with another girl, not with a boy. Then perhaps you will get home in a decent season."

"Yes ma'am," said Marjory, very meekly, as she went to bed thankful to get off so easily.

Little John and the King.

PAUL HUSTED

The king sat in the golden house,
Talking with Robin Hood,
Sometimes agreed and sometimes not
As how conditions stood.

And Little John was there near by
He of the lily-white hand,
And on one side of Little John
Was seen the archer band.

The King conversed in tones so loud
He made Sir Robin mad.
But Little John to Robin said
A boon would make me glad.

What is the boon Sir Robin asked
And Little John replied
By this cruel king in front of me
My temper is sore tried.

And I would kill him on the spot,
(Displaying a large knife)
Now Robin grant this boon to me
That I may take his life.

The boon is granted, Little John
And he took him by the hand
And said, "you are an archer brave
The best in all the land.

This king is now opposed to us
And not an ideal man
Does not respect the fairer sex
So kill him if you can."

And Little John went towards the king
And threw him to the ground
They tumbled forth and tumbled back
And tumbled all around.

But John at last was victor
The king was almost dead
And with the knife he had displayed
He severed the king's head.

Marion's Opportunity.

FLORENCE LATHAM

"O, girls, what do you suppose has happened?" moaned a tall girl running up to a crowd of school girls clad in basketball suits.

"It has happened that you are fifteen minutes late to practice, goosie," answered one.

"Oh, no, something serious. O, what shall we do?"

"What in the world is the matter with you? Hurry up and tell us," said the girls, who had now become thoroughly alarmed.

"Gladys has fallen and sprained her ankle."

That was enough. First a groan escaped their lips and then all was silent. Gladys was the best player on the team. She held the position of forward and had been expected to hold her own in the coming championship game with Boedwin College.

Then the captain spoke. "Well girls, what shall we do? We haven't a person who could substitute for her."

"I know someone who can play and that's that little Freshman, Marion Brown, whom you've all taken such a dislike to."

She was interrupted by a series of groans and signs of faintness from the other members.

"That pug-nosed country jake?" they asked.

"Yes, that 'snub-nosed country jake' if you want to call her that, but I like her. So there," said Evalyn, a small flaxen-haired girl, whom they all adored.

"Be sensible Evie. You know you wouldn't want to have her on the team for the world."

"Well, I'd have her on the team for a nickel and wouldn't care. Miss Borden says that Marion told her she was once forward on a team."

"I guess a team that played in Mike O'Meara's alley or some country school yard."

"Let's stop quarreling and get down to business," said the ever business-like cap-

tain, "we've either got to have Bessie, who has been substituting for running center or Marion who has played forward."

After considerable wrangling it was decided that they should have Marion on the team and Evalyn hastened away to tell her.

She found her walking on the campus.

"Hoo, hoo, Marion, wait a minute."

She joined her and imparted the wonderful news. Marion was delighted. Just think, she was going to play again, going to throw for that basket, and maybe going to make some points. And with those thoughts running through her mind she went to bed, early, of course, for tomorrow—the game.

The next morning the girls boarded the train. The ride was a merry one for all the girls, excepting Marion, who was noticeably snubbed by everyone but Evalyn.

After arriving the girls thought it their duty to explain every rule and foul to Marion, which proved very humiliating to her.

There were ten minutes left before the beginning of the game, and the girls were getting in trim.

Soon Marion appeared. She walked trembling upon the court, for she knew every move she would make in the game would be criticized.

The whistle blew, all took their appointed places and the ball was tossed up. Evalyn got it and the ball was thrown to Marion. She threw it to Ruth, the back forward. It was thrown back again and Marion threw for goal. The ball circled the goal, three times, and then—fell out. A groan and a look of "I told you so" came over the faces of all the girls except Evalyn, who after the other side had made a goal, ran over to Marion and patting her on the back said:

"You're all right, Marion; just throw a little easier."

This gave her courage. She would get back to her former playing if only to have Evalyn keep her faith in her.

Hard playing ensued. The score was tied. In the last half no one had succeeded in throwing a goal. The umpire called, "Half a minute left."

Marion had the ball, but the guard worked fast and furiously, having the advantage, for Marion's back was toward the goal. Then an old trick, her first coach had taught her, flashed into Marion's brain. Planting her heel firmly on the ground she swung round, diving under the arm of the guard and shot at the goal. The crowd leaned forward anxiously as the ball rolled around the rim three times and then—dropped in.

A cheer rose simultaneously from the throats of the girls as the umpire called, "Time, score 2 to 1."

There was much hand shaking and cheering as usual and the girls made ready for their departure.

That evening going home there was a marked contrast to the former one. Marion was sitting in the center of an interested group, telling of her previous games—not being enlightened on the rules of B. B.

That evening, after Marian had been ensured a place on the team, she said to Evalyn, "Well, I owe all this happiness to you, Evalyn."

But Evalyn, always undesirous of praise, answered, "Oh, no, Marion, you mean to Gladys' sprained ankle."

SONNET

On Arriving At the Age Of Eighteen

MILNOR BLOWERS

How quickly time is passing! Years gone
by
Seem like the fleeting moments of an
hour
Perhaps spent dreaming 'neath some
flowery bower,
Or thrown to World's gay pleasure's
beck'ning cry.

To Pleasure, Usefulness seems to reply,
"Ah! thine is vain! The beauty to thy
flower

Soon fades and leaves regret thine only
dower,—

A deep despair when comes the time
to die."

But let the joys and sorrows of life come,
For both the rain and sunshine needed
are,

To make mature, and ope' the bud of
youth.

Let happiness my pleasure be, not fun
Which seeks frivolity, and is a bar
To my intended life of love and truth.

"The Death of the Pet Sparrow."

Translated by Hazel Osborn from the
Latin of Catullus.

Weep! Oh, you Goddess of Beauty and
Grace,

A beautiful sparrow has gone from its
place.

Gone from the arms of a dear little girl,
Who valued the sparrow more than a
pearl.

The sparrow knew her as a mother,
And sang its sweet lays to no other;
But hopped about this way and that,
Showing no fear at all of the cat.

The eyes of my girl are red with weeping,
She sits and mourns when she should be
sleeping.

Curses upon you! Evil shades of the
night!

Pray take the sparrow into beauty and
light.



EDITORIALS

Editor in Chief Ona Honeycutt, '11
 Ass't Editor Philip Conley, '12
 Athletic Editor Lewis Wright, '11
 Josh Editor David Glock, '12
 Class Editors:
 Senior Florence Latham, '11
 Junior Hazel Crow, '12
 Sophomore Bessie Smith, '13
 Freshman Victoria Cardwell, '14
 Business Manager.....John Owens, '12
 Asst. Bus. Mgr.....Henry McFadden, '13

Several improvements that were stated necessary in the last issue of "The Purple and White," have been added this year.

The apparatus in the Physics laboratory has been increased, and a hood has been added to the Chemistry laboratory.

In the Agricultural Class interest has been taken in planting grain, vegetable seeds, etc. A small part of the High School grounds has been planted in barley. It is hoped that next year this department will be more extensively carried out.

A stable, large enough for the horses and buggies, as well, has been added. This was a necessary addition to a Union High School, such as this is.

There is one thing that has not been added, however, that is an athletic field. The ground we have now is insufficient. We have one tennis court where two could be easily used. We have no ground for the

basketball team to practice or play upon. Such a field would mean a greater interest in athletics.

It is hoped that next year this field will be added also.

School Spirit.

Never before in the history of the High School has there been as real a school spirit shown as this year. School spirit not only in athletic games but in the school works as well. School spirit has come to mean more than the liking for the High School, because it is the place the pupil has had the most fun, but we have come to look upon it as a place in which we are getting a benefit.

The school work has been on a higher average this year than before. At the Teachers' Institute in Fresno, the work of the M. H. S. was spoken of very favorably by the professors. This means something for our high school.

In the games the school spirit has shown itself, in that we have a large rooting section, and a great many yells. Before each game, time is spent in practicing the yells and many a time it has been due to these yells that our high school team has been victorious.

It is hoped that this school spirit will not die out with this year.

The Students' Association.

This has been a very successful year for affairs of the Association this year than as a whole have taken more interest in the affairs of the Association this year than they have for a long time, and the lower classmen as well as the Juniors and Seniors have taken an active part in the meetings.

The first election under the new constitution was held on September 26.

The following officers were elected: Milnor Blowers, President; Charley High, Vice President; Winna High, Secretary; John Gordon, Treasurer.

The officers for the latter half of the year began their terms on January 11. Philip Conley was elected President; Ona Honeycutt, Vice President; Bessie Smith, Secretary; James Patterson, Treasurer.

Several important amendments to the constitution have been adopted by the Students. Probably the most important of these is that relating to the recall of officers. By the provisions of this amendment, any Students' Association officer may be recalled on the vote of three-fourths of the members.

The New Constitution.

At the beginning of the year a constitution committee, consisting of one representative of each class and three representatives of the Student Body met together to draft a new constitution for the Students' Association. The members of the committee were: John Gordon (Senior), Philip Conley (Junior), Will Isakson (Sophomore), Everett Honeycutt (Freshman), Milnor Blowers, Ona Honeycutt, Lewis Wright (elected at large).

The committee worked hard for some time and finally submitted the present constitution on approval. It was adopted with but few amendments.

The constitution provides for a Students' Association, consisting of all the members of the school. The officers, president, vice-president, secretary, treas-

urer, are elected twice during the year, the term of office being five months. A nominating committee, elected by the executive committee, makes out a list of nominees. The names of other candidates will be put on the ballot, on petition of ten members of the Association. The Australian ballot is used in all Students' Association elections. The matter of handling the finances of the school was settled satisfactorily. The treasurer may put out money, only upon receiving an order signed by the president and secretary and the principal of the school. No bill may be paid until it has been approved by a majority vote of the Association. The treasurer is required to make two full reports to the Students' Association during his term of office.

As the Students' Association meets regularly but once a month, an executive committee was provided for to carry on the less important work of the Association.

The executive committee consists of the officers of the Students' Association, the managers of athletic teams, the business manager of the "Purple and White" and the principal of the school. Regular meetings are held every second Monday. The president of the Students' Association is Chairman of the executive committee. This committee carries on the routine work of the Association, having special control over team managers and athletic teams.

The minutes of the committee meetings must be posted in the assembly room by the secretary. Any matter relating to finances passed by the executive committee may be vetoed by a majority vote of the association, the day or the day following the posting of the minutes.

A boys' athletic association, a girls' athletic association and a tennis association elect the managers of the athletic teams. These associations have power to promote interclass contests, but have no power whatever over interschool events. They are subordinate in every way to the Students' Association.

The literary activities of the school are in the hands of a committee of five appointed by the president.

The staff of the "Purple and White," excepting of course the class editors, is elected by the executive committee.

The new constitution has been satisfactory to all and it will no doubt be used by the association for many years to come.



EXCHANGES



Our exchange department is larger this year than ever before and we hope it may continue to grow. Any suggestions toward the improvement of our paper we will be glad to receive and we hope our suggestions to others may be beneficial also.

The Oracle, Oakdale, Cal., is a well arranged paper and were it not for the ads on the back it would have a very neat cover. We would be glad to receive more exchanges of its kind.

The Purple and White, Modoc, Cal., could be improved by a more careful arrangement. The cuts are good and the material is excellent.

The Racquet, Portland, Me. You have a fine paper considering that it is published monthly. Better than some of the yearly papers we receive.

The general appearance of the Olla Podrida is not very good, but on reviewing its contents we find it had excellent cuts and material. With an improvement of the cover it would rank among our best exchanges.

With the material you have, Oak, Berkeley, your paper could be made very attractive by better cuts and arrangement.

Oak, Visalia, has a good appearance and interesting stories. You have the right

conception of a joke and your josh department is excellent.

We like your cover, Sacramento Review and your cartoons are especially worthy of mention.

The ads in the front of the Napanee spoil its appearance. Otherwise it is a good paper.

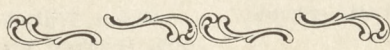
The Spider, Gridley, is an attractive paper because of its originality of arrangement and especially interesting stories.

The Kern County Oracle lacks volume. The material it has is good but there isn't much of it.

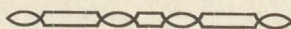
The El Cabilan could be improved by adding more cuts. It is a nicely arranged paper but would look better were the ads omitted in the front.

The cover design of the Christmas Sibyl is very pretty and suggestive of the season of the year. We would suggest leaving the ad off the back of the cover and also those in the front. It needs more cuts to add interest.

We have concluded that the business manager of the Reedley Porcupine is a real estate agent, for you have certainly advertised your town well. Your departments are all well filled and all in all you have a well written paper.



THE ALUMNI



1897

George Mordecai is practicing law in San Francisco.

✓ Mrs. O'Meara Desmond resides on a farm in Madera.

1898

✓ Leo Woodson is managing a store at Sugar Pine.

1899

Mayme Saunders is teaching in the Madera grammar schools.

✓ Craig Cunningham is Superintendent of Schools of Madera county.

1900

✓ Dr. D. H. Ransom is one of Madera's prospering doctors.

1901

Arthur Belcher is engaged in the draying business.

W. R. Curtin is filling the position of County Clerk. He and his wife (Ila Woodson) reside in Madera.

Ben Preciado manages the store of C. F. Preciado.

Mrs. Edwards Hollister resides in Madera.

1902

Mrs. A. Ladd occupies a position in the Assessor's office.

1903

Miss Mabel Metz (Mrs. Becker) is living in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Harry Plate has recently moved to Richmond.

1904

Miss Maude Williams is working in the post office.

Miss Lettie Currans and Miss Maude Bowman are teachers in the city schools.

1905

Miss Elsie Edwards is teaching in the Howard district.

1906

Larew Woodson is bookkeeper for Thurman's mill.

Agnes Cook is staying at her home near Madera.

✓ Mrs. Ransom Cunningham resides in Madera.

Francis McFadden is working at the county library.

✓ Frances Alley (Mrs. Boring) is living in Madera.

Belle Hosler is one of our city school teachers.

Horace Bailey is living in Fresno.

1907

Lydia Hosler is teaching in Madera.

Merle Goucher is teaching in Mariposa county.

Mayme Glock is staying with her parents near Madera.

Carl Newman is attending Stanford.

1908

Evelyn Hall and Gladys Footman are teaching school in Madera county.

Elmo Clark is living with her parents near Madera.

Birdie Appling is teaching school in Madera.

Margaret Freeland is attending the Oakland Polytechnic school.

Isabel McFadden is studying at the San Jose normal.

Howard Clark is working in his father's office.

Lillian McKenzie (Mrs. Gerson Price) resides in Madera.

1909

Helen Whitehead, Jeanette Bailey, Lucile Heiskell are at the San Jose normal.

Chester Enos holds a position in the Bank of Coalinga.

Gladys Hunter is working in her father's drug store.

Harry Ross is working in Fresno.

1910

Jack Dodson is taking a post graduate course at high school.

Lucile Fortune is working in the library.

Sadie O'Meara and Lenna Skaggs are staying at home.

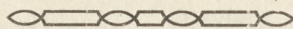
Chester Vanderburg is attending Stanford.

Gladys Renfro has a position at Etter's.

Bertie Raburn is attending Heald's Business college.



ATHLETICS



LEWIS WRIGHT

Athletics at the Madera high have been an important factor in our school life during the last term. Owing to the number of teams put into the field more students have had a chance to enter the field of sports and consequently more have taken an interest, as has been shown by the support given at all the games.

The superintendence of our athletics has undergone an important change this year. New students have come to the head of affairs with new ideas and plans which give a stimulus to the whole. The faculty exercises the right to remove any student from the teams for poor work or low records in school, but aside from that power, which has been used very sparingly, and tends to keep up a higher standard, the students control their own athletic activities. One of the results of our new start is our rooting section. Under the leadership of Merritt Patterson and Leslie Conley the rooters have gained no small reputation, and in games of very close score have been instrumental in pulling the home team over the rough places with the heavy end of the score.

At the beginning of the year the framing of the new constitution hindered our getting games as quickly as we might have, there being no executive authority to authorize the games, but as soon as the constitution was adopted things went on very smoothly. All the athletics in the school were organized under three athletic associations, the Boys' Athletic Association which controlled all the athletics for boys, the Girls' Athletic Association which controlled all the athletics of the girls, and the Tennis Association which looked after the tennis interests of the school.

BASEBALL

Baseball was taken up in the early part of the term and after a few practice and

tryout games with the grammar school and other picked teams, in which we won without much trouble, the regular team was picked by Cap. High. While every one felt that we were a fast team, luck was certainly against us. Our fielding was top-notch and we had one of the fastest infields in the valley, without exception, but we just had a streak of hard luck at first, losing three games before we started our record breaking career for Madera high.

On Oct. 18th we journeyed to Merced for a game with the team of that town. It was the first game for our pitcher, Will Ring, and he was not up to his usual style of twirling. By the fourth round Merced had piled up five runs. In the fifth Cap. High went into the box, but in his initial round four runs were made. It certainly looked like "the tall grass for us." After his first inning, however, Cap. steadied down and only one more run was made during the rest of the game off his delivery. We started a fine batting rally in the ninth, that in an ordinary game would have turned the tables, but it was too late. The game ended in a score of 10 to 6 for Merced.

Runs, 6; hits, 6; errors, 7.

MERCED VS. MADERA

On Oct. 29th the return game with Merced was played on our own diamond. This game was much more closely contested and was anybody's game until the last out was made. We had put in two weeks of good practice and had every confidence of turning the tables on our northern friends—but somebody slipped something in our tea-cup. The game was called at 1:30 sharp. When our rooting section had wound itself up to its highest pitch in its endeavor to put to shame all other noises in the vicinity, our boys started out upon the diamond and the game was started in a first class fashion. Cap. High was careless

at first, walking the first three men up: The next two fanned. Then a double error by the third baseman and the catcher scored one man. The next man was an easy out at first base. The next two innings counted nothing in the line of scores, then in the fourth Merced sent another man across the plate for their second run. Both teams were playing "big league ball" but in the sixth "Rally Rhodes" made the circuit for our one lone run. The game ended with a score of 2 to 1 to our sorrow. Mickey Desmond, our fast little backstop, played a fine game for the first few innings, but had to retire from the game on account of a broken finger. Earl Cardwell relieved him and proved a master with the big mit.

Runs, 1; hits, 0; errors, 6.

A game was also scheduled with Clovis high but the negotiations could not be made for the date.

On Feb. 25th the team went to Fresno for a tangle with the Purple and Gold ball tossers. Considering the odds against us, which we were playing, this was the best showing made. We were going out of our class in playing Fresno but we were anxious to see what kind of a showing we could make against them. They had one of the best amateur batteries in the valley and made a good showing against some of the semi-professional teams but this did not daunt us.

The first inning was awful, looked like a merry-go-round for them. On a couple of hits and a few errors they piled up four runs. After the first round we "came back" and in the next eight innings we played good ball. Fresno sent but one man across the rubber making the score 5 to nothing. We were satisfied with the showing made. Our infield pulled off a few double plays as usual.

Runs, 0; hits, 3; errors, 6.

HEALD'S BUSINESS vs. MADERA HIGH

On April 1st the fast team from the Fresno Heald's Business College came here with the intention of becoming the third team to hand us the small end of the

score; but "Brick" Glock had a horse shoe in his pocket and we carried off the heavy end of the score. Everybody played big league ball, only three errors were made and these were on difficult tries. In the last half of the ninth they got the bases full with no downs, but a nice double play and a fly to left garden ended all chances of their starting anything in their final round.

The game ended with a score of 7 to 1 in our favor.

Runs, 7; hits, 5; errors, 1.

On April 8th the game with Dinuba was played on our own grounds. The contest started at two-thirty and for six innings the two teams struggled to put one man across the plate but neither one was successful. In the first half of the seventh, however, Cap. High got a pass to first on balls, stole second and scored on Brick Glock's timely hit. Glock's hit cut the balloon loose and it rose steadily until we had piled up five runs on the Dinuba players. By a good hit in the eighth Dinuba put one man around the circuit and another in the ninth on errors.

The game ended with a score of 5 to 2 in our favor.

Runs, 5; hits, 4; errors, 7.

SELMA VS. MADERA HIGH

On April 11th the baseball team went to Selma for a game with the team from Selma High. The event was played to celebrate the great dry day in the southern town. The side lines were crowded almost onto the diamond but a very poor exhibition of the national game was put up. The game was used mostly for a try-out for our pitchers. We used four pitchers in the nine innings. Patterson pitched the first five and made a fine showing. No runs were made off his delivery while we put several men around the circuit and the Selma heaver was touched up for a hit almost at our leisure. During the next four innings Ring, High and Isakson took the mound in turn. Things were a little exciting in the eighth when Selma ran in four men on us before we could check them. In the ninth inning

nothing was done and the game ended with our team still two points to the good.

Runs, 6; hits, 7; errors, 5.

STOCKTON HIGH SCHOOL GAME

On Tuesday afternoon of April 18th Stockton High came here on their way south for a game with our boys. In the first three innings Stockton sent one man around per inning while we were unable to score. In the fourth we tied the score and then both teams settled down and a genuine old diamond battle ensued, in which each team struggled for the supremacy of one run. Merritt Patterson, though it was his first real chance at pitching in a real game, heaved the horse hide like a veteran of the mound. Only a few scattered hits that counted for nothing were obtained off his delivery. And with the whole team working like a machine the game ran on until the last half of the thirteenth inning when a bad throw to third scored a man and gave Stockton the game.

Runs, 3; hits, 6; errors, 3.

Our team is composed of the following players:

Joseph Desmond	c
Earl Cardwell	c
Will Ring	p
Will Isakson	p
Merritt Patterson	p
Charlie High	p
Lewis Wright	1b
Charlie High	2b
Lloyd Cardwell	2b
Welton Rhodes	2b
Lloyd Cardwell	ss
Charlie High	ss
David Glock	3b
Philip Conley	lf
Leslie Conley	lf
John Gordon	cf
Leslie Conley	rf

TENNIS

The tennis team was organized at the beginning of the year under the captain and manager elected at the end of last year, Philip Conley and Lewis Wright. Our last year's winning reputation seemed to have

been a handicap to us this year in getting games. All the towns in the valley that were near enough to play were challenged but they must have thought "what's the use." We were successful in getting games with but one town. We used practically the same team that won the title last. It was composed of the following players: Marion Marchbank, girls' singles; Philip Conley, boys' singles; Hazel Osborn and Winna High, girls' doubles; Charley High and Will Isakson, boys' doubles, Marion Marchbank and Lewis Wright, mixed doubles.

On Dec. 3 the first tennis tournament was held on our courts with the team from Dinuba Hi. Although everything was prepared and ready for the game a sudden storm upset all our arrangements and our court was so muddy that it was of no use. An old court at the grammar school was hastily prepared for the occasion and the events played off there.

Both teams were under many difficulties and neither had a chance to show many fine points, some of the events being played in the rain. We managed to win three out of the four events played. The boys' singles had to be called off on account of the rain.

Score: Boys' doubles, Philip Conley and Lewis Wright, 6-2; 6-2. Girls' doubles, Winna High and Hazel Osborn, 6-0; 6-1. Mixed doubles, Marion Marchbank and Philip Conley, 4-6; 1-6. Girls' singles, Marion Marchbank, 6-1; 6-0.

On Feb. 18th the tennis team journeyed to Dinuba for the return game with the team from the southern school. Both teams were in first class style but the Dinuba team was confident that they could show us a point or two on a good court. Their team had been strengthened for the occasion while ours was at a loss of Hazel Osborn, one of the girls' doubles players.

The game was called at 2 o'clock, when the mixed doubles opened the contest. Marion Marchbank and Lewis Wright won this event for us without much exertion. Score, 6-0; 6-3.

The boys' singles were next put on and after losing his first set Philip Conley

proved he could "come back" by winning the next two straight. Score, 0-6; 6-4; 7-5.

The next event, girls' doubles, was won for us by Winna High and Marion Marchbank after a few exciting rallies. Score, 6-4; 6-3.

This was the third event won and of course the tournament was ours. Our boys' doubles were contended with three events and liberally donated theirs to Dinuba. Score, 4-6; 6-0; 3-6.

In the next, girls' singles, only one set was played on account of darkness, but our single player, Winna High, had complete control of the situation and easily won the event. Score, 6-3.

This gave us four out of the five events. While in Dinuba the team was royally treated and Dinuba will always find a friendly place in the hearts of the Madera team.

A big tournament was planned for April 1st on our courts, in which quite a few of the schools of the valley were to take part. The dates could not be satisfactorily arranged for all the teams so the meet had to be called off after a great many preparations were made. We feel that such a tournament would be a great benefit to all the schools taking part and would bring them into a more friendly relation and the plan of a big meet will be tried next year if the schools can agree.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team was organized under the Girls' Athletic Association, Miss Bille being chosen manager and coach and Faustina Wren as captain. Some difficulty was experienced at first in getting the girls out to practice as nearly all the girls this year were inexperienced and although many of them wanted to play they were a little backward in getting out on the court for the first time. This feeling was entirely forgotten, however, when the new uniforms came, and a very promising showing was made. Dec. 10, in the first game with the Merced Hi, our girls were challenged while as yet in very poor form, but of course everyone was anxious to play and see how they stood, so the

game was scheduled. The Merced team won, but the girls put up a fine game and learned a good many points from the experience.

Lineup: Forwards, Bernice Woodson and Dora Wren; centers, Faustina Wren and Ona Honeycutt; guards, Victoria Cardwell and Agnes Briscoe.

SANGER VS. MADERA

On Jan. 28 our girls' basketball team journeyed to Sanger for a game with the Sanger team. The game was called at 8:30 p. m., being played on an indoor court, but proved a catastrophe to us. Our girls put up a fine struggle but were so much smaller that they had no chance. 'Twas merely a case of holding their taller opponents from running up a high score.

The game ended with a score of 27-3 in favor of Sanger. For our team the two guards, Agnes Briscoe and Victoria Cardwell, were the bright points, both playing a first class game in keeping Sanger from scoring.

M. H. S. VS. M. G. S.

On Wednesday evening of Feb. 15, a game between the high school girls and the girls from the grammar school was played on the high school court. The younger team put up a good game considering their inexperience at the game but the score was very one-sided ending 34 to 6 in our favor.

For the high school Dora Wren threw 18 baskets and Faustina 14.

MADERA VS. SANGER

On Feb. 22 the girls' basketball team from Sanger came here for the return game with our girls team. In the first game in Sanger our girls were entirely outclassed by their taller opponents but when the return game was played they proved they could "come back." The game was an exceedingly close one, never at any time during it did either side get more than three points ahead. When the whistle sounded at the end of the second half the score was 21 to 20 to our delight. The rooting section came in for a large share of the honors in this game, too.

On April 1 our girls went to Merced for a game with our northern friends, intending to April the Mercedites by handing them the small end of a score, but somebody forgot to take the rabbits foot somebody forgot to take the rabbit's foot game ended in a score of 19 to 10 in favor of Merced. This ended the season for the girls' basketball. On the whole our girls played first class team work and did good goal throwing but were greatly handicapped by having to play against teams composed of players so much taller. The two guards, Victoria Cardwell and Agnes Briscoe, played like veterans in all the games.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The boys' basketball team was organized early in the term and Merritt Patterson was elected manager and Earl Cardwell captain. The boys made a fine showing at the beginning and had plenty of new material with which to form a team. After practicing for some time a tryout game was scheduled with the country All Stars. This team was composed of all old players and our boys were unable to beat them out. A good showing was made that guaranteed a good team for the year. The team finally picked out was composed of the following players: Merritt Patterson, Earl Cardwell, Milnor Blowers, James Patterson, Lloyd Cardwell.

LE GRANDE VS. MADERA HIGH

On Feb. 18th the boys' basketball team journeyed to the northern town for a game with the high school there. This was the first interschool game for them and they were determined to win it. The game was called at 2 o'clock sharp. In the first half we played circles around our larger opponents and when the whistle blew at the end of the first half we had piled up a score of 17 to 3 in our favor. In the second half we took things easy for the Le Grande team could not overcome

our lead. When the whistle sounded at the end of the last half we were still 12 points to the good. Score, 25 to 13.

Lineup: Forwards, M. Patterson and E. Cardwell; center, L. Conley and E. Conley; guards, J. Patterson and Blowers. McFadden, sub.

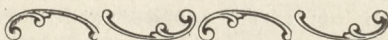
FRESNO HIGH VS. MADERA HIGH

Grief never comes single handed. On the evening of the 25th, the same day that our boys met defeat at the hands of the Fresno Baseball team, our boys' basketball team, met disappointment at the hands of the Fresno High second basketball team. Our boys had never played at night and on an indoor court before, however, we played all around them in the beginning of the game. Near the end of the first half, however, they made a run up and when the whistle blew they had 14 points to our 11. In the second half Fresno's advantage in being used to the court showed very plainly and when the whistle ended the game, the score stood 34 to 16 to our sorrow. The lineup was the same as in the Le Grande game.

FOOTBALL

After the fall season of baseball had ended some of the boys became interested in football and a team was organized. It was too late, however, to arrange for games with other schools so we had to content ourselves with playing with the grammar school and other mixed teams, both of which were composed of much heavier men than our team. In the series with the grammar school we won two out of the three games scheduled.

The team was composed of the following players: L. Cardwell, Earl Cardwell, M. Blowers, L. Trine, E. Honeycutt, B. Ring, W. Brammer, H. McFadden, C. High, J. Gordon, W. Rhodes, D. Glock, J. Dodson, W. Isakson.



Tennis Team, Madera Union High School



Reading from left to right: Philip Conley, Winna High, Will Isakson, Marion Marchbank, Charlie High, Hazel Osborn, Lewis Wright.

Baseball Team, Madera Union High School



Reading from left to right: Top Row, Will Isakson, David Glock, Will Ring, John Owens, Manager,
Earl Cardwell, Leslie Conley, Lewis Wright.
Second Row: John Gordon, Philip Conley, Merritt Patterson. Third Row: Charlie High, Capt.; Loyd Cardwell.

Some Of Our Best Yells.



With a vevo, with a vivo,
 With a vevo, vivo, vum vum,
 Johnny get a rat trap, bigger than a cat trap,
 Johnny get another one, bigger than
 the other one,
 Cannibals, Cannibals, zip boom bah,
 Madera High School, rah, rah, rah.

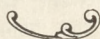
Rickety rax, co-ax, co-ax,
 Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax,
 Madera High High
 Madera High High
 Madera, Madera, Madera, Rah!

M-a-d-e-r-a
 Siren
 Rah
 Madera

Hifetty pifetty
 Rifetty rafetty
 Ump-ti ump-ti eye!
 Who are we,
 Why don't you see,
 Madera Union High.

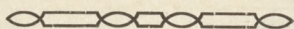


Wearers Of the Block "M"



Individual "M". Charley High (baseball, '10, '11), John Gordon (Baseball, '11), Lewis Wright (baseball, '10, '11), Faustina Wren (basketball, '08, '09, '10, '11). Tennis team: Marion Marchbank, Hazel Osborn, Winna High, Charley High, Will Isakson, Philip Conley, Lewis Wright.

SOCIAL



Freshman Banquet.

On Friday evening, September the twenty-third, the Madera High School was lighted up for the first time during the school year. The Seniors that evening proved to be entertaining hosts and hostesses of the Freshmen. When it came time for departing the Freshmen declared that they had never before had so delightful a time in their lives. The reception was given to all the members of the high school but the whole evening was devoted to the pleasure of the Freshmen especially.

The seniors had a great deal of trouble in deciding what kind of entertainment to give the Freshmen that evening. Finally a play was suggested, but the next problem was what play to choose. Bernice finally came to the rescue by telling of a play entitled "The District School." This seemed to be very appropriate for the occasion for it represented the amusing and quaint characteristics of the scholars.

The Seniors put aside their dignity and took the parts of the silly children in the rural school. The different costumes provided proved the greatest amusement of the evening.

After the play was finished the Freshmen were conducted into the chemistry laboratory. Here they were taken by twos and threes into a dimly lighted room where a skeleton met their vision. This ghost made them solemnly swear that they would always honor and obey the Seniors. Each Freshman was then presented with a bib which was put around his neck.

They were then taken into the banquet room where a bountiful luncheon of bread

and milk was served. The place cards of nipples were very quaint and showed originality on the part of the Seniors.

At eleven o'clock the Seniors sent the happy Freshmen, as well as the rest of the guests, to their homes, though they were loath to go.

The Alumni Banquet.

On the evening of Dec. 16, 1910, the pupils of the Madera High School and the Alumni gathered in the Woodman Hall for a jolly Christmas Banquet.

The hall, decorated with green and red crepe paper, mistletoe and pepper boughs, had a merry Christmas appearance.

When we reached the head of the stairs we were tagged so that we would know one another, because the alumni might feel kind of bashful about introducing themselves to the Freshmen.

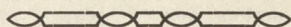
After we were tagged, we went to the dance hall where the High School boys gave their yells.

My! But they made that old building resound. Rather surprised the Alumni, because they thought there wasn't anyone left to yell after they were gone.

They answered our yells in a manner though, that showed they hadn't forgotten how to yell since they left High School.

After this the orchestra began to play and there was dancing until the banquet was ready. When nearly everything on the table had disappeared, a short time was spent in giving toasts. After that there were games and more dancing.

CLASS NOTES



Senior Class Diary.

Aug. 29th.—School begins. Same old jolly bunch.

Aug. 31st.—Everybody down to business.

Sept. 3rd.—Class election is held. Lewis Wright is elected as president; Columbus Appling, vice president; Faustina Wren, treasurer.

Sept. 6th.—Dead as a door nail. Scrubs as slow as molasses.

Sept. 10th.—On account of similar complexion Lewis and Hazel's match is still sparkling.

Sept. 20th.—Bernice is not only wearing a ring on her finger, but a Ring in her heart.

Oct. 1st.—A very amusing case is developing in the Physics Lab.

Oct. 5th.—(1 o'clock). Bernice and Florence introduce Miss Bille to Alumni and they go joy riding.

Oct. 5th.—(10 minutes past 2). Miss Bille returns and finds her geometry class with Mr. Burrell beating triangles into their spherical craniums.

Oct. 15th.—Seniors prepare to give "Scrubs" a send off.

Oct. 20th.—Where's the copy of the play? Ask Bernice.

Oct. 22nd.—Seniors have the play type-written.

Oct. 23rd.—The bill arrives, \$18.75. After much deliberation the whole sum of money in the treasury, 30 cents, is sent to pay on the debt.

Oct. 24th.—"Eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents," adopted as class motto.

Oct. 27th.—The play "comes off." Charley High stars as "Buster Brown" and

John Gordon fills ably the character of "Brigham Young."

Oct. 30th.—Hallowe'en party is tendered the "Batches" in Erna's barn. The costumes being too thrilling for description.

Nov. 1st.—The case in Physics Lab. is still progressing. How can Lewis be so fickle and Erna so treacherous?

Nov. 3rd.—Orton becomes entranced with Ona. Dates are very popular on Honeycutt's front porch.

Nov. 4th.—Seniors begin to discuss class pins. Boys and girls can't agree.

Nov. 5th.—Earl gets an automobile. Faustina gets some rides and Erna's case in Physics Lab. perceptively declines.

Nov. 6th.—Ona and Bernice visit Raymond. Reports of their permanent departure there.

Nov. 15th.—Senior girls caught dancing in the library. Hot time in the jug that night.

Nov. 24th. Thanksgiving vacation gratefully arrives. Seniors give their thinking caps a rest.

Dec. 3rd.—Seniors plan to plant a tree. Plans uprooted by the Prof.

Dec. 10th.—Boys want rings, girls want pins. That's where all the trouble begins. Boys get mad and will not speak. Girls get sad, look cold and bleak.

Dec. 11th.—Christmas approaches. John Gordon becomes a careful examiner of solitaires.

Dec. 16th.—Prepare for Alumni banquet.

Dec. 19th.—Banquet a great success, owing to the unparalleled ability of Charley and Milnor with mistletoe decorations.

Dec. 20th.—Glad, glad these happy days. Vacation's here at last.

Jan. 4th.—Back with our noses to the grindstone, as usual.

Jan. 7th.—Erna makes a grand exit out of the history room.

Jan. 8th.—Boys and girls still at outs.

Jan. 11th.—Ona, translating in German, "And he ate his tacks," meaning food.

Jan. 12th.—Bernice calmly makes her departure from history.

Jan. 14th.—Physics boys resolve to make a name for themselves. Start a moving picture show in the assembly hall.

Feb. 3rd.—Columbus ungratefully locks Miss Bille in the storeroom.

Feb. 10th.—Lewis orders the pins and girls cry "More samples."

Feb. 15th.—Lelia in English, "His father was a wine cellar." (seller).

Feb. 22nd.—Erna has a party to celebrate George's birthday.

March 3rd.—Class pins arrive. General

holiday declared throughout the Senior class.

Mar. 7th.—John is cutting a tooth. Painful operation.

Mar. 10th.—Columbus and his horse take a spill.

March 12th.—Ona appears with a swollen face. (I wonder if cutting teeth is catching).

March 17th.—Class have a party to celebrate "Pat's" birthday.

March 20th.—Charley adopts the motto, "Always Higher."

April 11th.—Lewis, Charley, John and Faustina make the Senior class famous by receiving "block M's".

April 20th.—Nothing doing. Everybody too busy with commencement.

April 25th.—And now I must close forever. (Boo Hoo.) The accounts of the Seniors, so dear; For the bonds of school they must sever. And enter another sphere. (Hee Haw!)

Junior Class Notes

JOHN OWENS

MAY BURGESS

ISABEL BENNETT

WINNA HIGH

PHILIP CONLEY

HAZEL CROW

AGNES BRISCOE

DAVID GLOCK

EARL CARDWELL

HAZEL OSBORN

WELTON RHODES

MAY WOOD

HILDA FOOTMAN

DORA WREN

Aug. 29th.—School started today and all we Juniors are anxious to begin Chemistry.

Sept. 6.—The Juniors elected their class officers. President, Dora W. V. P., Hazel

O. Sec., Florence C. Treas., Welton R.

Sept. 8.—We are all down to work. Getting along fine in Chemistry. Some of our class are enjoying (?) geometry again this year.

Sept. 9.—Hilda F. complacently wandered off to dreamland in English.

Sept. 10.—Earl evidently believes that all women are gossips. He evidently believes wrong, too.

Sept. 20.—Welton in history. "He was stabbed dead, lived six days and died."

Sept. 22.—Our class organized a debating society again this year. Takes our class to debate.

Oct. 10.—Heard in Chemistry Lab. Winnie—I want a spoon. Philip—You do? Alright, I'm game.

Oct. 12.—Agnes Briscoe giggling all day long.

Oct. 23.—We formed a dramatic club today. We're going to read and act some of the modern plays.

Oct. 30.—Heard in Chemistry. Florence—Shall I take the cover off. Isabel—No, kid, leave the lid on. Miss Bille—Yes, always keep your lids on.

Nov. 1.—David G. informed Miss Weaver that he would rather have something to eat than sympathy if he were hungry.

Nov. 29.—Junior girls busy reading Lloyd Cardwell's love letters.

Dec. 2.—Hazel C.—Have you got those chemistry problems written down? Hazel O.—No, but I've got 'em written up.

Feb. 5.—O. girls, Miss Bille has got some paraffine in the storeroom.

Feb. 6.—All the girls chewing.

Feb. 20.—Philip very much frightened of the intended approach of the Berkeley inspector.

Feb. 23.—Heard in debating society. Query—Was that motion laid on the table?

Pres. Hazel O. (looking around)—I don't see it anywhere.

Feb. 27.—Dora takes a fall at the bottom of the stairs. Sam—Why, Dora, you must have been drinking. Dora—Only water.

Feb. 29.—Welton and May diligently spooning in broad daylight.

Mar. 21.—Beware of Winnie and her pinchers if you should happen to enter the chem. lab.

Apr. 4.—Miss W.—Has anyone here ever seen or heard of an ice palace? John O. No, but I've seen an ice house.

May 1.—Wonders will never cease. Some one asked Dora to help them with their Latin. O, well, don't get excited, it was only a Freshman.

May 29.—School almost out. Just think. Next year we'll be SENIORS.

Sophomore Class Notes.

Aug. 29.—School starts. Lots of little Freshies to look down upon.

Aug. 30.—We begin to dig.

Sept. 2.—Still digging.

Sept. 7.—Nothing stirring (except geometry).

Sept. 14.—Will B. vainly tries to answer a question in English and sits with his hand up all period.

Sept. 16.—Miss R. Honeycutt (whose history has gone to her head) wishing a blotter, cries imploringly, "Will someone please hand me a napkin?"

Sept. 21.—Tennis. Seniors vs. Sophs. Lost: An interclass pennant, finder please return to Sophomores and receive suitable reward.

Sept. 22.—Tennis again. Juniors vs. Freshmen. "Nuff sed."

Sept. 23.—Once more tennis. Seniors vs. Juniors. Juniors victorious (as usual).

Sept. 27.—Bats from the belfry (whose?)

Sept. 30.—Freshmen reception, consisting of bibs and bread and milk (suitable for babies).

Sept. 30.—Leslie Conley makes use of

his father's buggy. For particulars apply to Helen Wilkenson.

Oct. 4.—Had a day off for the "fair." Ask E. Wehrmann to define a joy ride.

Oct. 15.—Baseball game with Merced. Who won? Hist! Silence!

Oct. 18.—Farmer's Institute. What do we know about grain, chickens, eggs, etc.? (Nothing.)

Oct. 29.—Return game with Merced. Score 2 to 1 in favor of Merced. Worse luck.

Nov. 8.—Election day. Half holiday (better than none), plenty of excitement.

Nov. 16.—Paul H. informs the M. & M. history class that St. Augustine went to England and "inverted" the English.

Nov. 25.—We are all duly thankful (that there is no school tomorrow).

Dec. 3.—Dinuba came up and took lunch with us and played a rather sloppy tennis game (owing to the weather).

Dec. 16.—Alumni banquet at the W. O. W. hall. Fine time and lots to eat (as usual).

Jan. 3.—No excitement except a new Freshman boy. That excitement soon wears off, however.

Jan. 12.—Geometry class is fairly dazzled. Miss Bille has a diamond ring.

Feb. 9.—Estella M. gravely informs us that Arthur was the "Prince of Wales."

Feb. 9.—Great consternation. Miss Bille has mercury on her diamond ring.

Feb. 17.—Two mice are turned loose in the assembly hall. Girls do not fail in giving their customary shrieks. Miss Reeve has some difficulty when one takes up its abode under her desk.

Mar. 20.—H. McF. (translating Latin). —Erat autem mortuus catellus eo nomine). "There was also a puppy who died of this

name." Miss Weaver. "No, no, the puppy didn't die of the name." (Ask Henry for information concerning diseases—he knows).

Apr. 11.—A day off for a trip to Selma.

Apr. 12.—Many sleepy-heads as a result of the Selma trip.

Apr. 14.—Mr. Burrell to Nellie, Retta and Margaretha (who are whispering and yelling in front of the office door). "What's the matter? Is any one hurt?"

Apr. 15.—Saturday and a school day. Had to make up the day we missed. (Selma Dry Day—I should say it was dry).

Freshman

Aug. 29.—School starts. Seventeen Freshmen are in their seats. They are very diligent.

Sept. 5.—A meeting was held for purpose of electing officers.

Sept. 9.—Freshmen do not seem so diligent after all.

Sept. 20.—Interclass tennis begins. Freshmen hold a meeting to see who shall represent their class.

Sept. 21.—Seniors vs. Sophomores. Sophs lose although they were confident they would win.

Sept. 22.—Juniors vs. Freshmen. Juniors won the honors.

Sept. 23.—Juniors and Seniors. Starts out in favor of the Seniors but victorious in the end for Juniors. They carry off the pennant.

Sept. 25.—Everett excused from the room in English as he couldn't refrain from talking.

Sept. 30.—Seniors give a reception to the Freshmen. A play was enjoyed and suitable refreshments were served.

Oct. 4.—A day off for the fair in Fresno. Ask Hazel Osborn for a ride in the lovers' tub.

Oct. 13.—Gladys leaves her English book at home. Doesn't know if she will do so again or not.

Oct. 15.—Game of baseball with Merced. Madera loses.

Oct. 18.—Afternoon off for Farmer's Institute. The mistake will not be made again.

Oct. 27.—Leslie moves his seat in Algebra as Mr. Burrell considers him too playful where he formerly sat.

Oct. 29.—Return game played with Merced. Victory for Merced again.

Oct. 29.—Algebra is not a snap after all. Ask Everett and Leslie if it is.

Nov. 1.—Algebra not getting any easier. Ida and Lessyl moved to the front as they can work better there.

Nov. 18.—Tennis tryouts. Dora Wren, the champion of the girls.

Nov. 23.—Grace's voice is weak in English or Miss Reeve's hearing is not good.

Dec. 3.—Gladys says brindled means standing on end in her English class! The majority of the class agree with her.

Dec. 10.—Merced girls' basketball team journey here to have a practice game. They have it.

Dec. 15.—All the Freshmen are singing gayly, for Christmas is coming. Some of the Sophomores say we don't know what is Santa Claus' month but they will be shown different.

Dec. 17.—A banquet is given to the alumni by the High School. Everybody enjoys themselves, especially the freshmen as it is the first one they ever attended.

Dec. 20.—The school is entertained by the Sophomores. They got off some good jokes on the Freshmen, but it is noticeable that a sophomore or two likes some of our little Freshmen.

Jan. 3.—School again. Everything seems dull as Christmas vacation was brilliant.

Jan. 15.—Irving's Alhambra suits the Freshmen to a T. Of course they believe all the stories.

Jan. 27.—Basketball game with Sanger in Sanger. Who knows the score?

Feb. 2.—The Freshmen are all wishing for a little sun. They wish to grow in height as well as knowledge.

Feb. 20.—A new Freshman girl. Ask

Everett if he knows her. My, a sad case. There is no hope.

Feb. 22.—Big day for M. H. S. Basketball girls win the day in a game with Sanger. What's the matter with the girls?

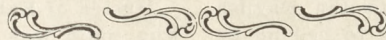
Feb. 29.—Sunshine after rain. Hurray!

Mar. 13.—Vacation again. That is, for the scholars, but no rest for the teachers. Poor people.

Mar. 21.—School again. My, how hard it is to get to work. The weather is better than usual but somehow not one of the "Scrubs" have been able to get to good hard earnest work.

Mar. 31.—Good-bye winter, tomorrow is Spring.

April 1.—Merced vs. Madera girls' basketball. Who got April fooled?





Philip (In an address to the English history class) "Alfred went to bed on an empty stomach."

Miss W.—"John did you ever see an ice palace?"

John O.—"No, but I saw an ice house once."

Welton R. (in M. & M. history)—"A slave stabbed Omar dead and he died six days afterwards."

Retta H. (in geometry)—"Can an isosceles triangle have more than three sides?"

Miss W. (In her third year English)—"What title was Tennyson given to show his rank as a poet?"

Philip—"He was made a baron."

Philip (writing chemistry and trying to pay attention to two girls at the same time)—"I heated the phosphorus and the tantalizer."

Paul Husted (in geometry)—"Can any one work that problem about the hippopotamus." (hypotheneuse).

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

Husted of Kansas—"I saw a fellow once who could lean over and touch the floor without bending his knees."

Thomason of Arkansas—"Did he bend his backbone?"

Mr. Thompson says—"King John's impiety is probably shown when one day he caught a large stag and said, 'Ah, how large and fat he is and yet I dare say he never heard mass'."

Mr. Burrell (staring at Marion)—"What is the chief export of South America?"

Marion M. (after a period of silence)—"Rubber."

Hazel O.—(Before Debating Society Election)—"I'd rather be right (Mrs. Wright), than president."

John (talking about single footers).

Philip—Huh, whoever saw a horse with one foot."

Florence (in physics)—"Miss Bille, isn't the freezing point of water 100 degrees?"

Retta (in English)—“Don’t you think its rather close in here?”

Henry—“Naw, not close enough.”

Bud Wootten had a little cow,

He calls her Belle Louiser,

He always does his milking

With a patent lemon squeezer.

Florence Latham (when the school pictures were being taken)—“I feel very distinguished having my picture taken.”

Mr. Thompson (standing behind her)—“If I don’t get from behind you I will be extinguished.”

Mr. Thompson (after calling roll)—“Are there any announcements to be made?”

Paul H. (soft voice)—“Yes you forgot

to announce that there would be services next Sunday.”

Hazel C. (in chemistry)—“I want a spoon.”

Buck Owens—“I’m willing.”

Merced coach to our first baseman—“Say old timer that shortstop of yours is some whirlwind, isn’t he?”

Low, with a wink—“Yes, mostly wind.”

Where is Florence’s mind today? Oh! Harry Ross is in town. That accounts for it.

“What kind of flowers do you like best, Bessie?”

Bess, very excitedly, “Buds.”

CLASS JOKES

Freshman David Barcroft
Sophs John Conley
Juniors Buck Owens
Seniors Whole Bunch

Henry Mc (translating Latin 2)—Erat autem mortuus catellus eo nomine.

“Now a puppy had died of this name”

Pretty strong name to kill a dog.

SENIOR CLASS

Lewis Wright class boss
Erna Wehrmann spooner
Columbus Appling ... the village preacher
Bernice Woodson chatter box
John Gordon class beauty
Faustina Wren Priscilla
Florence Latham those eyes
Lelia Schmidt Miss Agreeable
Milnor Blowers class poet
Ona Honeycutt Miss Impudent
Charley High class athlete

ECHOES FROM FRESHMEN HISTORY

The Sphinx is a lion crouching in the desert with a man’s head.

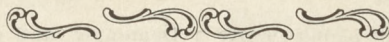
The prehistoric age was when the people did not write records of what they did. Some of these records were found in the Euphrates Valley about 5000 years before Christ.

The people wrote a Demoniatic, and carried on vegetation in the Nile Valley, and surveyed the land after the Nile had overflowed.

Ona Honeycutt (translating German)—There was an unappreciated young lady who wrote poetry with long straw yellow locks.

The Memorable Three

The game had been played and they'd missed the train,
So of course all our girls wished to entertain.
They were all overjoyed at the thought of the thing.
Refreshments and music to the school house they'd bring,
So the night it drew on and the town clock struck eight,
Oh—how those poor boys did patiently wait—
At last on the stairway light foot steps were heard
We all held our breath and spoke not a word—
And then—in the door stood the memorable "three"
Stretching their necks for a chance to see,
Unheeding of all they went into the dancing,
To the low dreamy, music so sweet and entrancing,
Then they danced and they frolicked till one 'gan to see
There were no other girls, save only "We Three."
They stood there embarrassed alone on the floor,
Then grabbing their bonnets they made for the door,
And they ran quickly home where such children should be
Oh, we'll always remember the memorable "Three."



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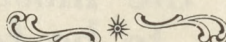
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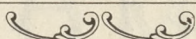
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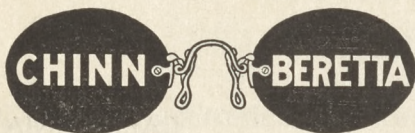
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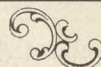
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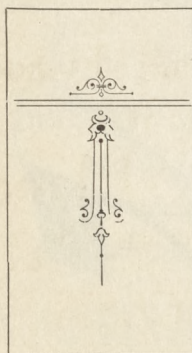
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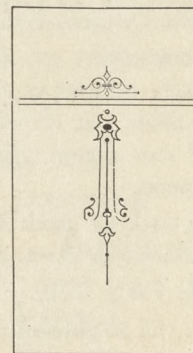
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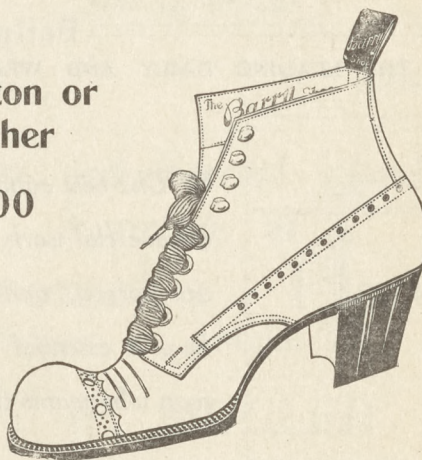
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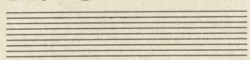
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